# The Mysteries of Myra An Inspiring Novel and Motion Picture Drama Written by Hereward Carrington.

about the dank compartment were painted upon the walls and floors dia-bolical figures and skulls. Before this huge freplace was set a square, black altar decorated with odd heiroglyphics, while in tis center was a brass incense

Byen as the men worked, a signal came to the ears of the leader of ceremonies, who walked silently to the heavily barred door. Some mysterious knocks from without, a few whispered passwords, presaged the appearance of Arthur Varney, breathless and excited. "I must see the High Master at once," he exclaimed, starting toward the inner chamber.

her chamber.
"Yes, brother. But first you must don the robes of the Black Order." an-swered the leader. "I will announce

swered the leader. I will announce of you."

He disappeared, as the club man drew the dark mantle and hood about his shoulders and face.

The other members anxiously inquired of him the news, but Varney shook his head. He knew the penalty for garrullity, and disobedience; in this strange fellowship all news must first go to the supreme pontiff. The crashing of the Master's gong apprised him that he might enter. And, so, with low obeisance he sidled into the inner chamber, to be greeted with the customary sign of the sinful craft—upturned thumbs of the sinful craft—upturned thumbs and clenched fists, pressed against the seared face of the potentate. Varney bowed three times, on bended knees, returning the symbol of the Horned One.
"Why am I disturbed in my meditations, Varney?" rasped the High Master, in his grating voice.
"Master, I have just learned from Myra Maynard that this rascal, Payson Alden, is planning a new attempt against us."
Varney's voice trembled with apprehension.

Varney's voice trembled with apprehension.

"And what is his wild scheme now." laughed the confident Master. "He has failed so far!"

"Yes, Master, but Myra told me that he is sure of the new course—it is to call back the spirit of Haji, the Hindoo, in order to destroy our society!"

The Master snaried, then laughed.
"I wonder what the fool's plan is? However, let them call the spirit of the traitor, for nothing could suit my plans better!"

"What more shall I do, O Master?" asked Varney.
"Go with the other brethren, to make the required number for our ceremonial,

"Go with the other brethren, to make the required number for our ceremonial, thirteen. Obey the commands of the leader, and we will soon succeed," was the order, as the light faded out, and the face of the demoniac ruler disappeared from his view.

Varney joined his fellows in the outer cavern, to find them sitting cross-legged upon the floor, bowing to right and left, as they muttered their strange mantra; "Oml padri hum!"

Over and over they repeated this

Over and over they repeated this weird phrase, as the leader held his arms before the now blazing fireplace

arms before the now blazing fireplace in an odd rhythm.

For many minutes this curious ritual was pursued, with no apparent result. Suddenly, however, Varney was horrified to behold the spectral shadows of hands appearing above the glowing embers in the grate.

They seemed to clutch appealingly at some unseen object in the rolling smoke.

some unseen object in the rolling smoke

The next surprise, to Varney as well as the other members, was the appearance in the room of the master himself, who seldom mingled with them. He knew that now must be some tre-mendous effort of the occult, and the weird actions of the flendish leader proved his surmise to be true.

The master prostrated himself before

place, muttering unfamiliar a veritable paroxysm of tense

The cries of the celebrants of this evil ceremony, at the command of the leader, now increased in volume until they were hoarse screams. It was a revolting, unnatural scene, and Varney, despite his subservience to his master, despite his subservience to his master, being more in touch with the outer, normal world than the other strange brethren, shuddered with a thrill of uncontrollable horror. His iron nerves were beginning to give way to the strain when a new apparition sent a thrill to the roots of his hair.

As he watched the fireplace, the hands fluttered once more, and a presence began to materialize within the searing tongues of flame!

At first it was indistinct, hardly more definite than the twining serpents of the fire.

Alden whirled about to Myra's mother.

"Who was that?" he demanded, almost rudely. "I told you this was to be absolutely a secret task!"

Mrs. Maynard answered with a show of wounded feelings:

"Why. Dr. Alden, it's just Myra's flance. Mr. Varney. He has shown such interest in your work, and he has been such a scoffer at it, that I was sure you would be pleased to give him a demonstration. Surely, we should have no secrets from a future member of the family!"

the fire.

Then a red glow, above the fire and intermingled with the smoke, became noticeable. A head, with eyes suggesting black coals, came into view, and gnarled later arms, a wiry torso, and gnarled legs became observable to the exhort-

The master rose now, and waved his arms above his head.
"Oh, Elemental of the Fire, I greet

Its head, arms, and legs were in con-tant motion, like the licking flames

### CHAPTER L. The Ghost of Haji.

Dr. Payson Alden's laboratory. Myra and her mother were chatting with a young woman whom the physician introduced to them as a well-known spiritualist medium. She was a plump, amiable woman, and it seemed hard to believe that she posessed such mysterious powers.

The physician had just completed tacking up the black portieres in the corner of the room which constituted a "cabinet." It was a simple arrangement, stretched across the diagonal end of the room, of which the canopy formed one side of the triangle, with the two solid brick walls making the other two.

two golid brick walls making the other two.

"Now, I have prepared this slate," explained the doctor. "I have placed a slate pencil within, and have tied it together securely, scaling it with wax and using my own seal ring on it. Mrs. Maynard. I know that you have heard of slate writing, but never believed it. You saw that the slate was blank, and it was one that you bought and brought for me yourself. Shall we go on with the seance?"

the seance?"

Mrs. Maynard, with an incredulous smile, nodded.

"Yes. doctor. You know I had forbidden Myrs to ever try any more of this work, but I have heard to much of this spiritualistic nonsense, that I decided that seeing would be believing—or proving fraudulent," she replied.

Myra said nothing, now studying the face of the medium with quiet interest. Alden produced a pair of handcuffs, which he placed upon the medium's wrists. wrists.
"Why these?" inquired Myra's

mother.

"Because I believe in making sure that there can be no tampering with our slate, nor with any possible instruments. The best mediums in the world have been known to play tricks occasionally. Sometimes they are tired, and sometimes while under the influence of a spirit, they do droll, foolish things. In this case we will be sure in advance."

He turned to the medium, who had smiled at his words, and was scating berself in a comfortable, sloping arm-chair.

rerself in a comfortable, sloping armchair.

"Now, madame, are you prepared?"
he inquired, as he waiked toward the
window to draw down the shade.

"Yes, although I am very nervous and
am afraid that I am not as calm as I
should be for a good demonstration.
May I se the photograph of your Hindoo friend once again, in order that I
may be impressed with the memory?"

Alden nodded and produced the photograph of the unfortunate Haji.

The woman gazed long and earnestly,
at the pleasant features of the intellectual Oriental.

"I can see that he was indeed a

at the pleasant features of the intellectual Oriental.

"I can see that he was indeed a psychic: such deep, clear eyes, and such a sensitive mouth. If any one can come back from the other world it will be he, for his spirit must be unusually active, even now," she remarked, as she closed her eyes and sank back into the chair.

There was an interruption, however, which caused her to sit bolt upright, in nervous irritation. It was the tapping of the maid upon the door.

Alden, who was just placing the tied slate upon a small table within the black cabinet, turned about angrily.

"Confound it, I gave orders not to be disturbed," he said, opening the portal.

"What is it, Mary? Why do you interrupt my work this way?"

"Please, sir, there's a gentleman downstairs who said that he was invited here by Mrs. Maynard, to see you do some experimenting." was the time?

here by Mrs. Maynard, to see you do some experimenting," was the timid response.
Alden whirled about to Myra's moth-

the family!"
The physician scowled, and Myra stammered in embarrassment.
"Poor, dear mama! You do certainly upset more plans by your attempts to be hospitable. There is no reason in the world why Arthur should be intrud-ing here, and you have probably dis-turbed the medium completely."

Alden bit his lip, and then smiled

thee!"
The spirit of the grate returned the high arm signal, swinging back and forth in its position over the flames to have this gentleman with us when the some huge imprisoned ape.

curiously.

"Well, inasmuch as it is your invitation. Mrs. Maynard, I cannot be unsociable. It might not be a bad thing forth in its position over the flames to have this gentleman with us when we do get into communication with the

tested it for an instant, turning on the current with a small switch on the wall. The ultra-violet rays flooded the room, making his eyes smart at the sudden illumination. He was satisfied

and turned it off.

On the shore road Myra was canter-ing along slowly, enjoying the warm spring breezes, as she wondered over Arthur Varney's delay. She did not observe three eminous fig-ures concealed behind the ledge of the

steep bank, but she was watched with the shrewd intensity of wild beasts about to spring upon their prey. "Now, shoot!" commanded one of the

Dramatized by Charles W. Goddard.

Jats, East Indian Troops, Be-Keep Wearer From Telling Lies.

LONDON, June 8 (by mail) .-- Wear gold in your teeth and have a passport for

This is an Indian legend. It comes from the River Tigris, in Mesopotamia, where British and Indian troops are

Many of the Indian Sepoya, fighting in Mesopotamia are "Jats," a people of Northwest India, "Jats," wear gold in their teeth if they can possibly afford

it.

How a newspaper correspondent drew the degend from one of the Indian soldiers is told in a dispatch direct from the Tigris.

Tara, a "Jat" of five years' service in the Indian army, was called into the commanding officer's tent to explain why "Jats" wear gold in their teeth. The Sahib wants to know, the officer explanded to Tara.

For Appearance's Sake. "For the sake of appearance, Sahib," responde Tara. "To give them an air."

"Is there no other reason?" Tara pondered a moment and slowly spoke:

"There is a saying among my people, Sahib, that he who years gold in his teeth must always speak what is true. Gold in the teeth stops the passage of Gold in the teeth stops the passage of lies."
"But you have no gold in your teeth?"
"No. Sahib."
"Is that why you tell the tall story about all these Germans you killed at Festubert?"
"No. Sihib." Tara smiled, "it is true that I killed ten between two traverses."
"I heard the story about gold helping a 'Jat' to heaven,' observed the commander.

A gleam of reminiscence sprang into the eyes of the Sepoy. Then he delivered himself of the legend.

Passport to Other World. "Gold," he explained, "is a passport to the other world as in this. It is not safe to carry it on the finger or in the ear, where it might be detached, so it

ear, where it might be detached, so it is worn in the teeth."
Thus the legend came out for the remainder of the world to ponder over.
The "Jat" is the best type of Indian fighter. He was primarily a farmer, but conditions made him a fighting man. It takes more than a common enemy to take a position away from a regiment of "Jats." They fight to the death. "Jat" regiments fought in France as early as November, 1914. They arrived at a critical moment and were thrown into the teeth of the fighting. The enemy was halted wherever the "Jats" were concerned.

### SENT TO WORKHOUSE FOR BRADDOCK RIOT

Socialist Editor Gets Threee Years and Associates Lighter Terms.

PIRTSBURGH, Pa., July 2.-Frederick J. Merrick, Socialist orator and editor recently found guilty of inciting to riot in connection with the fatal Braddock outbreak of May 2, was sentenced to serve three years and six months in the workhouse. Judge Ambrose Reid and T. J. Prather pronounced sentence. John Hall, Rudolph Blum, and others convicted with Merrick, received lighter sentences. Seven of the fourteen found guilty were paroled. Anna Goldberg, the only woman convicted, was sent to jail for one year.

### Stolen Cattle Ordered Returned to Americans

EAGLE PASS, Tex., July 2.-Governor Mireles, of the state of Coanuna, through Mayor Schmidt, of this city, signed a manifesto ordering the return of 100,000 cattle recently seized from American owners just south of the bor-

ier.
It is reported that Carranza soldiers already are rounding up the stolen

### You can make a delightful shampor

With very little effort and for a very trifling cost, if you get from your druggist a package of canthrox and dissolve a teaspoonful in a cup of hot water. Your shampoo is now ready. Just pour a little at a time on the scalp and rub briskly. This creates an abundance of thick, white lather that thoroughly dissolves and removes the dandruff, excess oil and dirt. After rinsing, the hair dries quickly, with a fluffiness that makes it seem heavier than it is, and takes on a rich luster and a softness that makes arranging it a pleasure.-Advt.

# ON YOUR HAIR

### Or Anything That Must Be Washed Off.

The scalp is not like other skin on the body that can be thoroughly leansed with soap and water. The scalp contains a hair germ that nust be treated with respect.

All soaps and everything that foams contains alkali, and alkali dries up the scalp. Don't use them. Dandruff comes from too dry a scalp. The most sensible way to treat your hair is to thoroughly brush it once a day to keep it clean. Then use Speiser's Scalp Tonic after brushing to give your scalp that life and health which produce glossy hair. Speiser's Scalp Tonic corrects any abnormal condition of the scalp, kills dandruff, and relieves itchy and irritated skins. But even Speiser's Scalp Tonic cannot do the best work against the persistent use of soaps, perfumed oils, cocoanut oil. and patented concoctions that must be washed out of the hair to make your head presentable in public. Speiser's Scalp Tonic is for sale only at O'Donnell's Drug Store, at 50 cents, and is absolutely guaranteed by them in every respect.



Modern Chiropody Affords instant and satisfying foot comfort. Once you know the value of our service you will never again tolerate painful feet.

GEORGES & SON, Inc. 1214 F St. N. W.







MYRA SOUGHT CONCEALMENT

ed Alden, stepping away. "The presence is there! That is nothing but solid walls behind it and no possibility of any wind."

behind it and no possibility of any wind."

Varney was petrified with horror. The others were too intent in observing the strange manifestation to notice the nervous twitching of his fingers. He would have paid a fabulous sum to be able to fig from the room, but by sheer determination he forced himself to wait in silence for whatever might happen.

The Master was not in the habit of confiding in his confederates and so Varney was ignorant of what manifestation might take place from the queer elemental spirit which had been conjured from the glowing coals. But of one thing he was certain—a false move on his part would betray him to the shrewd and suspicious Alden, destroying the careful planning of months!

The curtain still puffed and sagged, in the fitful gusts of the mysterious breeze.

"Ocoh!" exclaimed Mrs. Maynard.

the fittul gusts of the mysterious breeze.

"Oooh!" exclaimed Mrs. Maynard, barely above a whisper, "I'm freezing, I-want to get out of this room."

"Wait!" commanded the physician, Now the curtains were agitated as though someone were walking about be-bind them.

careful for awhile. But, there, the medium is coming from her trance."

He knelt down by the woman's side and began to chafe her wrists. She groaned, and then her eyes opened for a brief glance. She shut them again as though wincing in pain. Alden raised her hands and worked the elbows in a peculiar manner to stime ulate the circulation of her blood. She looked up at him now, her face drawn and tired. At his suggestion Myra nimbulate the circulation of her blood. She looked up at him now, her face drawn and tired. At his suggestion myra had raised the shade and the room was flooded with light.

"Oh, I'm stifling!" she exclaimed.
"Oh, I'm stifling!" she exclaimed.
"It is too hot in here. Can't you open looked up at him now, her face drawn and tired. At his suggestion Myra had raised the shade and the room was flooded with light.

"Oh, I'm stifling!" she exclaimed.
"It is too hot in here. Can't you open a window?"

### CHAPTER LL

YRA, yielding to the glorious a canter on her horse. She

down. forgetting the flowers in her alarm.

But the rider paid no heed, and was soon out of view. She was close to the riverside by this time, while behind her was the precipitous bank. The girl turned to summon help, just as the report of a rifle rang out from the high ledge above her.

A bullet struck a branch close by her head, and she involuntarily screamed. Too late she realized the force of Payson Alden's caution.

She fled down the road in the opposite direction from that in which her horse had been ridden, toward an old barge, moored to the bank.

Two more shots followed her, but she had made another turn in the road and was temporarily out of view from the marksmen. weather, had decided to take the fittul gusts of the mysterious breeze.

"Gooh" exclaimed Mrs. Maynard barely above a whisper, "I'm freezins." I want to get out of this room.
"Wait" commanded the physician. Now the curtains were agitated as though someone were walking about behind them.

Mrs. Maynard screamed, and Varney sprang to his feet.

"The medium was groaning in an agony of the feet.

"Mail" he murnured. "Hall" was the hould in the uncanny wind, but there was no reeply.

"The medium was groaning in an agony of the medium was groaning in an a

## A Perilous Ride.